Aliotti Baron

Piano Collection

Knitting

KNITTING

SONG

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
MURIEL BRUCE
AND
BARON ALIOTTI

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KNITTING

Words & Music by
MURIEL BRUCE &
BARON ALIOTTI

Quick March Time
March - ing, march-ing thro' the mist - y night,
Clang and clam - or, smoke and dust and death,
Peer - ing thro' the dark, long - ing for a fight, Tramp - ing, stumb - ling,
Blind - ly fight - ing on, catch - ing ev - 'ry breath. Com - rades drop - ping
on the bro - ken ground, With the tang of bat - tle all a - round.
down on ev - 'ry side, Hold - ing back the seeth - ing hos - tile tide.
f
p
mf
ff
Ped.

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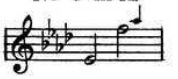
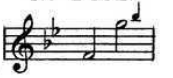
While at home the bus - y nee - dles fly, Knit - ting with a smile,
But at home the lov - ing hands are still Knit - ting with their hearts,
Knit - ting with a sigh, For their sons, and broth - ers,
Knit - ting with a will, Knit - ting for their Coun - try,
cresc. accel.
Quickly
Slowly
Fa - thers, lov - ers, too; They're knit - ting for the sol - diers brave and true.
Flag, and sol - diers too; They're knit - ting for the ones so brave and true.
rit.

CHORUS

Knit - ting, knit - ting, knit - ting, with the
f
Kha - ki wool and grey, Muf - flers, socks and
cresc.
Bal - a - cla - va caps, They are knit - ting day by
Ped.

day; Knit - ting, knit - ting, knit - ting, with a
pray'r in ev - 'ry row, That the ones they hold in their
rit.
hearts so dear, May be guard - ed as they go.

No 1 in F No 2 in G No 3 in A♭  No 4 in B♭ 

LOVE'S GARDEN OF ROSES

SONG

Words by
RUTH RUTHERFORD

Music by
HAYDN WOOD

Meno mosso. *(Andante moderato)*

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By the composer of "The sunshine of your Smile"

LAND OF THE LONG AGO

Song

Words by
CHARLES KNIGHT

Music by
LILIAN RAY

There is a land where - in our troth we plight - ed.
mp a tempo
Hap - py the mem - 'ry of that gold - en day!
Heart beat with heart; and souls were u - ni - ted,
f
p
Ped.

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A NEW SONG FROM OVER THE SEA

Roses of Picardy

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly — Music by HAYDN WOOD

Keys: No. 1. in Bb (D to Eb) — No. 2. in C (E to F) — No. 3. in D (F# to G)

"Where is Picardy?" For the purpose of song it is an Eldorado far away, where distance lends enchantment to the view. The spirit voice in Schubert's song said that joy existed only where the wanderer was not. Fred. E. Weatherly, writing for the English-speaking world, placed his lovers in Picardy, a land beyond the border and fragrant with the roses of romance. He threw a halo over them at once, and then he made his story intensely human. No wonder that a fine musician, as Haydn Wood unquestionably is, was inspired to compose one of his most appealing melodies and unite with Fred. E. Weatherly in producing the song, **"Roses *of* Picardy,"** which is now enjoying a popularity in England that would be remarkable even in the prosperous times of peace.

Nothing but the merits of the song can explain its extraordinary success.

Clarence Lucas
In the *"Philosophy of Popularity."*

ROSES OF PICARDY.
Song.
Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY
Music by HAYDN WOOD
pp Slowly.
"Ro - ses are shin - ing in Pi - car - dy, In the hush of the sil - ver
Slowly.
pp
dew, Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi - car - dy, but there's
nev - er a rose like you! And the ro - ses will die with the
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ROSES OF PICARDY

She is watching by the poplars,
Colinette with the sea blue eyes,
She is watching and longing and waiting,
Where the long white roadway lies.
And a song stirs in the silence,
As the wind in the boughs above,
She listens and starts and trembles,
'Tis the first little song of love.

Chorus

"Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime.
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!"

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly

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